

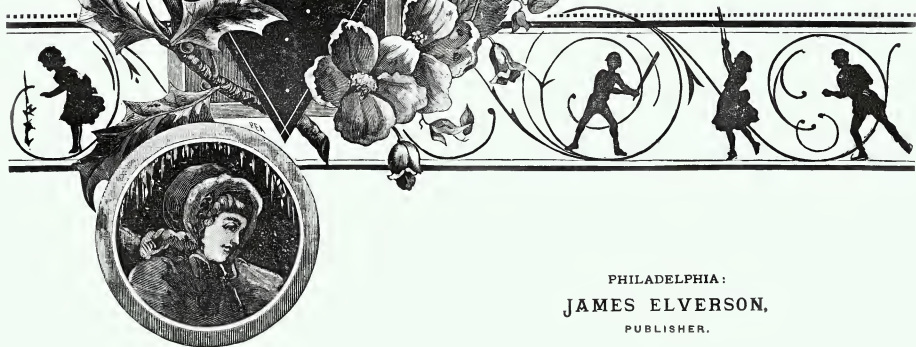
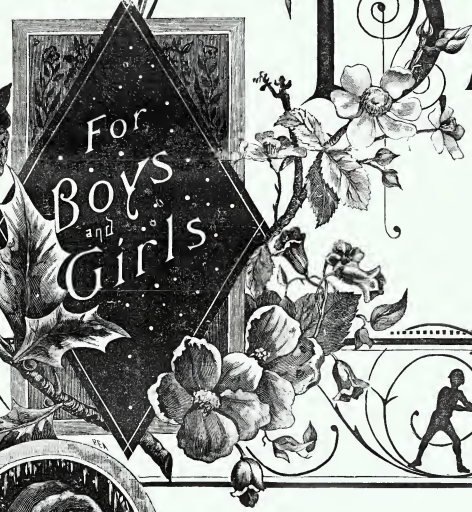
Vol. VIII.---No. 32,

July 9, 1887.

# GOLDEN DAYS



For  
Boys  
and  
Girls



PHILADELPHIA:  
JAMES ELVERSON,  
PUBLISHER.

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# GOLDEN DAYS

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 9, 1887.

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No. 32.

### A Memorable Game of Hare and Hounds

BY S. FRANK AARON.

In the spring of 1878, just before my fifteenth birthday, my father received from an old friend in Nevada the present of a large silver brick. It was, of course, a great curiosity, and every visitor at our house had to see it, including all my school-boy friends, to whom I used to tell fabulous stories regarding its value. At one time I think I ran it up to about two thousand dollars, although its real worth was no more than three hundred.

Our old cook asked my father, one day at table, how much it was worth, and he, always fond of his little joke, replied, without a smile:

"Oh, not over a million, I reckon, aunty."

The cook nodded as she left the room, and I noticed that the eyes of the colored girl who remained to wait on the table grew big with astonishment at my father's words. Afterward I heard her say to the cook:

"Dat brick ain't wuth no millions, but I 'low its wuth a thousan' any day."

Early one morning, not two months after the brick was sent to us, mother discovered that the heavy oak door of a closet in the hall had been pried open in the night, and the silver brick was gone, together with father's gold-headed cane, which had been presented to him when he was in the State Senate at Nashville.

No other articles were missing, and the only signs of the intrusion of burglars were the forced lock of the closet door and a broken sash-bolt of the nearest window.

Father at once instituted a thorough search for the robbers, offered a handsome reward for their detection and the recovery of the stolen brick, and even employed the services of a detective; but all to no purpose.

As usual in such cases, suspicion was directed toward one or more of our servants, all of whom were colored people; but father refused to discharge any of them from his employ without actual proof of their implication in the robbery.

We lived in East Tennessee, and I, with other boys of my own age, used to play that good old game called hare and hounds. It was not only our favorite game at school, but it was the most perfectly organized, except, of course, base ball.

What made us take so naturally to hare and hounds was that we saw so much fox-hunting going on in the country among our elders. It was a familiar sport in that part of the South, and I have known not less than half a dozen packs of hounds to engage in it at one time.

One of our fellows, the most inventive boy I ever knew, read up the Scotch rules of the game, improved on them in many respects, and started us at it.

A few it was thoroughly tested and understood, we boys voted hare and hounds

the grandest game we had ever played. We had one or two hares at each run; not necessarily fast runners, but long-winded fellows, "all-day runners," as we termed them.

Each hare carried two large game-bags filled with "scout"—thin white paper, cut into pieces about the size of playing cards, and done up into tight bundles. The hare, while running, drops a piece of paper about every twenty steps, and when he finishes one bundle he unties

another. In this way a boy can carry enough "scout" for an all-day run.

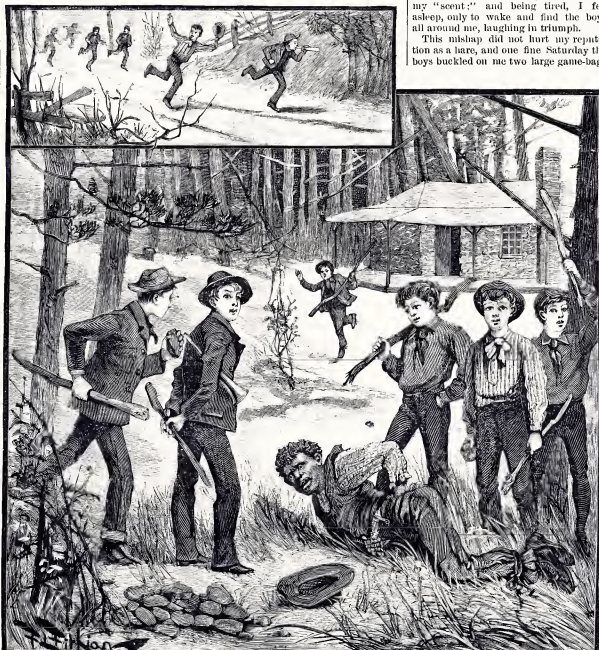
We also chose a master of the hounds, who was always a fast and long runner. It was his duty to marshal the hounds, call them together on discovered "scout," using a horn or shrill whistle, and send them out here and there on lost "scout."

The hounds were usually ten or fifteen in number in our games, and those who could not keep up on long runs had to drop out. At first we had limited bound-

aries; but we soon extended them to take in the entire county, and at last we adopted what we called "United States boundaries," though I need not tell you we never got outside of Tennessee.

Being fleet of foot, and good for an all-day run, if need be, I was often chosen as the hare, and I believe I was never fairly caught but once. On that occasion, having made a long double (or back track), I threw myself down under a cedar tree to watch a broad meadow through which the hounds must pass, following my "scout"; and being tired, I fell asleep, only to wake and find the boys all around me, laughing in triumph.

This mishap did not hurt my reputation as a hare, and one fine Saturday the boys buckled on me two large game-bags



"THE PRISONER HAVING REGAINED HIS SENSES, WAS NOW DUNN HIS LEVEL BEST TO SLIP THE STRAPS AND REGAIN HIS LIBERTY."

in the weekly paper. All of them were

dene in the daytime, when the folks were away."

"I read about two of them in the paper last Sunday," added Max, calmly, "and I speak in a whisper." "The robbers found out in some way that we were in the house before they did anything."

"I didn't know but Luddy invented that statement in order to get a reason for arresting us," said Luddy.

"He has cheek enough to do almost anything but I don't believe he would dare to arrest us on a false charge. He would make blunders for all that," rejoined Poll. "Now, I think of the trouble it would be for that man who gave me the half-dollar for going to see whether the squire was at home was the fellow that said it."

"What sort of a looking man was he?" said Max, who had the belief that a burglar or a thief must necessarily be a very hard-looking person.

"There were two of them in the buggy. The man that was driving, and while the talking was a good-looking fellow, and smiled as pleasantly as though he kept a drugstore shop," answered Poll. "The other one was a good deal older, but both of them looked and acted as respectable persons."

"But you said he turned his team and drove off the way he came when you had told him the squire was not at home," suggested Luddy.

"He did, and he seemed to be very much disappointed when I told him the squire was out of town and would not return till night."

"All that doesn't look as though they were robbers," said Max. "I don't believe they were the fellows that told us they will do it. Keep your eyes open."

"You can't tell by the looks of men whether they will do it. Keep your eyes open. You can't tell by the looks of men whether they will do it. Keep your eyes open."

"The landlady and the constable came from the house and went down to the swamp road. They walked very slowly, and both of them seemed to be about as much up after the truth as they were down."

"They did not stop till they reached the bridge, which was only a few rods from the woods."

"Poll watched them with the most intense interest, but he did not open his mouth to speak a word."

"The lake was entirely smooth, and the lake was not broken enough to show leaves on the trees. The fugitives could hear the sound of the voices of the two constables, but not plainly enough to distinguish what they said. But there was a certain sharpness in the tone of the voice indicated that they were not in perfect accord."

"Undoubtedly they were discouraged and dispirited by the ill success of their mission, and it was just like the landlady to charge all the blame of losing the boys upon the constable. He had neglected to secure them in the beginning, and Poll had been too quick for him in the end."

"What are they going to do?" asked Max, who was not in good position to see as Poll.

"Hush! Not a word!" replied the leader, shaking his head vigorously. "The fact that he could hear the sound of the pursuers' voices assured him that he could not be too cautious, and if Max talked at all, he might raise his voice in some moment of excitement."

"Matthew King and Luddy stood by the bridge, looking about them."

"The plain constable interested observers that they could see nothing which would afford them any information in regard to the fugitives."

"On the lake there was not a heat or anything else in sight. The lake was as smooth as water."

"The tone of their voices indicated that they were disputing together about something, and it was not difficult to understand what it was without comprehending a word that passed between them."

"So far as the pursuit was concerned, they had come to the end of their rope, and their question with them was what to do next."

"What had become of the boys? Had they gone to Wintonboro, or were they concealed in the vicinity of the bridge? It was a confident this was the question of the dispute between them. They must have opposite views on this question."

"After wrangling for some time, during which both of them made rather violent gestures as though they were earnest, the constable pointed to various localities around him, and finally, leaning over the railing, he pointed toward the place where the boys were concealed."

Max began to be very much excited at

this movement on the part of the officer, and Poll did not feel quite so confident as before.

"It was possible that the constable had discovered them through the bushes? He was pointed by the officer to various places in his discussion with his companion."

"But the leader of the expedition did not give way to the possibility of being discovered, but he had overtaken Max, and which had afflicted Luddy in a sultry degree."

"The water among them was at least two feet deep among the trees, and the clumsy constable was making much headway in wading through it. It was easy enough to get out of his way if he came too near. Poll did not allow himself to speak, but he made gestures which did something to reassure his companions."

"The officer had taken into the woods where they could not see him, and they could only wait till he showed himself again either in the woods or on the open ground by the lake."

"Matthew King had seated himself on one of the logs which kept the planks of the bridge in place. Once in a while he shouted to the constable, but the latter made no reply."

"Poll and his companions kept a sharp lookout for the appearance of the constable in the woods near them, but he did not show himself."

"As far as they could see through the dense growth of young trees, the water was not very deep, and the constable was not likely to wet his feet if he could help it."

"At last he came in sight again, and was within a few rods of the constable's bridge. It looked as though he had given up the search."

CHAPTER XX.  
ON THE WAY TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

"The sound of angry voices came to the fugitives again as Luddy returned to the bridge. But the constable seemed still to be waiting for the truth as they were going to the clumps of bushes in the neighborhood, and he was not likely to see them."

"Matthew King kept up a running fire of protest all the time, but the officer did not seem to be listening to him."

"When they returned to Crimbleton that night, each had his story to tell of this discovery. The constable, however, made a 'natural' story, for he spent so much time in looking in the bushes, and he was not likely to find time to get away from them."

"The officer had plenty of time to get away from them. He had plenty of time to get away from them. He had plenty of time to get away from them."

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"On the other hand, Luddy insisted that their mistake was in not staying at the bridge till the fugitives came out, and nothing but the stupid impudence of the landlady had defeated them in the capture of the boys."

"Of course, the constable's friends, to whom he told his story, believed he was right and the landlady was at fault."

"The officer had been out for every bush in the vicinity of the creek, he returned to the bridge, and there was an end of the matter."

"Time passed very slowly to the anxious fugitives, and the officer's long discussion occupied a full hour, when it was really not more than twenty minutes."

"The fugitives were not interested in the discussion, but they were not likely to get out of the team from the bushes. Matthew King was not likely to get out of the team from the bushes."

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Poll felt that he had seen Crimbleton for the last time when he and his friends took the road for the swamp. He had seen him for the last time when he and his friends took the road for the swamp. He had seen him for the last time when he and his friends took the road for the swamp."

"I don't know but that we are all right now," said Poll, when he had been silent a good deal, and he was thinking of the necessity. "They have gone, and we need fear no longer."

"That's so; and now all we have to do is to make the next move," said Max, rather impatiently. "Let us get out of this hole the first thing."

"Don't be in a hurry, Max," laughed Luddy. "Too much fire may spoil the soup. I don't mean to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. That constable has got angles in his head."

"So has your loving father," added Luddy.

"And the idea of the one is not at all the idea of the other, for they have been in a row ever since they came out of the swamp. As for the one, I have a will of his own, and he always insists on having his own way. It doesn't happen to be the constable's way. I suppose you understand what they are wrangling about, Max?"

"Not in the least. I couldn't hear a word they said," answered the growler, who was a general, and expected an unreasonable thing of him, for he could not pretend to tell what people were talking about by sight alone."

"I couldn't hear anything they said either," said Luddy, but I am perfectly sure that the constable believed we were concealed somewhere in this neighborhood. I saw my loving father was confident that we had gone on to Wintonboro, or in that direction."

"I don't know, but you must learn to read the intentions and movements of the enemy."

"I am not going to be a general, and I don't think you know any better than I do to tell me about anything about a general Max."

"I am going to believe I know, at any rate, and accordingly, I don't think Luddy is very smart; but he thinks he is, and he is not."

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"I don't want to go back," said Max, suddenly brightening up. "My mother grumbled and said to me, 'I will go to New Mexico, or anywhere else, with you, and I don't care for it.'"

"That sounds more like you. It is necessary one of us should take the lead, and I don't care to do it. If you will go ahead with it, Max, I will obey orders."

"Now, I don't think I will follow the leader, and I don't think I will follow you, though I should like to, know about some of the things you are doing."

"I can't always tell you what I am going to do, as, for instance, when we bolted from the officer, the cabin just happened to be there."

"I shouldn't ask you to do it."

"I said when it was convenient," Max explained.

"They are there, coming back," exclaimed Luddy, who had been watching the road up the lake."

"They have been here long enough to make us think they had left for good," said Poll. "I don't think it will be quite safe for us to show ourselves on the open ground by the lake any time to-day."

"We should have been seen if we had left this place, as Max wanted to do," added Luddy.

"I am not up, and I won't say another word," said Max.

"Poll watched the covered wagon of the horsemen as they moved on, but the party had not shown themselves, he was not alarmed."

"The horsemen drove up to the bridge. The constable got out of the wagon, and Poll watched him as he went to the rear of the wagon, but he could see nothing of his intended victims."

"There was a sudden dispute, or, at least, a volley of growls on the part of the landlady. But they remained at the bridge only a few minutes, and then the owner of the team drove off."

"The constable did not seem to be safe to go out on the lake in the boat again, though I don't believe they will come back a second time. I don't think they will be so easy to catch as they were the first time."

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## A FOUR-FOOTED TURNCOAT.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

In watching the movements of animals, we often see some peculiarity or action that calls to mind another and entirely different creature. This similarity is quite strongly marked in the ermine, or stoat, as it is called in England. When looking closely at its timorous, wily, quadruped, one cannot help wondering if, after all, it is not a furry, four-legged snake.

Everything points to such a suggestion. The pointed head, the sharp, bead-like eyes, that at times gleam with a greenish light, the lithe, wiry body, long neck and slender tail—all are snake-like, and when the little animal is crouching, its long neck extended, and its head gleaming away from side to side, the resemblance is striking. Then, too, the ermine has at least one habit of the snake's—that of preying upon birds.

How softly and serpent-like, as we see him here depicted, he has crept up the tree, his summer coat rendering him inconspicuous! and now, directly under the nest, he is slyly peeping upward, his sharp eyes, glistening with hungry expectancy, trying to ascertain whether he is to be repaid for his trouble by eggs, young birds, or the old ones.

Either as acceptable, nothing in the animal line coming amiss, be it rats, mice, birds, lizards, chickens or eggs. His appetite is good and his taste not discriminating.

A few steps more, a quick spring, and a shower of feathers through the trees will tell the story of another tragedy in bird-life.

The weasel, ermine, or stoat, or *Putorius ermineus*, as it is termed, has a wide geographical range, the same species being found in Europe, Asia and America.

In our own country they are met with from far up in the Arctic regions to the southern borders of the United States on the Mexican side; and, for the benefit of our readers who have not seen the little hunter, the following are some of its chief distinguishing points.

The ermine is from eight to eleven inches in length, slender and wiry; much more so than you would imagine from the illustration, the neck being especially long. The tail is bushy, and largest at the tip, which is black. It has powerful claws for so small a creature, sharp teeth, and if you pass your fingers over the cheeks, the muscles that work the jaws are found to be remarkably well developed, explaining to some extent how the animal can capture game so much larger than itself.

These features we always find in the ermine; but in the matter of color it is a veritable turncoat. You can never depend on it. In our picture it is represented in a dull, mahogany-colored coat, the under side being a pale, sulphury yellow.

This is in the summer or spring, but if we should happen to see the very same little fellow six months later, or in the late autumn, he could well deny his identity, as he would now have a mottled coat, mahogany and pure white being oddly mixed up—a coat of many colors, you might say, and as regards color, almost the only familiar point would be the black tip of the tail.

Should we now lose sight of our friend until midwinter, we would hardly believe our eyes, as he has assumed a coat of pure white, except the tip of the tail, which is black as ever.

In this change we have another example of one of the wise provisions of the great Giver that I have often pointed out in former articles.

What is the provision in this case? One benefit is evident at the very outset.

The ermine, if mahogany color, would be a conspicuous object on the white snow, while, in its winter coat of white, it is inconspicuous, enabling it to avoid its enemies or creep unobserved upon its prey.

Applying the same reasoning to the winter hue, and we find that the pure white would attract great attention among the green leaves, on dark tree-trunks, or, in fact, anywhere; so we may assume, first, that the change from dark to white

in winter, and back to brown in the summer, is productive.

Another benefit suggests itself. In the summer we wear white clothing because dark colors absorb the heat, and light colors radiate but little; yet see, secretly, that the ermine's white coat tends to preserve its internal heat in the winter.

The direct cause, however, of the change—that is, the physiological reason for it—has not been determined to the satisfaction of all; but that it has something to do with the weather is evident from the fact that in climates where there is no snow-fall the ermine does not change its color.

The habits of the animal vary with the latitude. The nest is made in an underground burrow, often under the roots of a tree or a ledge of rocks. Here, in a soft mass of moss, or vegetable fibre, and leaves, the young ermine are reared, often ten or twelve appearing in a single brood—curious little creatures at first, but soon assuming the snake-like motions of the mother.

They are generally born from March to June, and when quite young are as ashy line above and white beneath. As soon as they are weaned, the mother forages for them constantly, and in the nest will be found a curious collection of tails, skins, feet and bones of mice, lizards and various animals.

When the mother returns with a victim, the little ones crowd up the nest to meet her, uttering cries that have been compared to those of a very young kitten.

At this time, and, indeed, at others, the ermine is bold and courageous, and, when the nest is robbed of the young, the mother has been known to follow the robber for a long distance.

In England the stoat, as it is called there, is even more courageous than in this country. In one instance that I recall, a gentleman was attacked by several, the little creatures starting at him with great fury, trying to run up his clothes, attempting to fasten their teeth in his throat, and only after being severely

ly bitten while beating them off, did he destroy them.

This courage and bravery is taken advantage of by rat-catchers, who sometimes employ them in ridding houses and buildings of these pests—the courageous animals seemingly taking delight in destroying all other animals.

In our day a single ermine has been known to rid a dwelling of a large number of rats. A few moments after it was released, and had entered the wall, a squeaking was heard, that was kept up all day, the rat-hunter coming out at night completely exhausted, and when the floor was taken up, the rats that had been slaughtered in various localities were found piled in a single heap, as if the little hunter wished to show the extent of his prowess.

The ermine was formerly one of the most valuable fur-bearing animals, and is still in demand, certain robes of state being lined with them.

In early days the fur, in Russia, was an insignia of royalty.



THE ERMINE.

## MIDSUMMER MAGIC.

BY EILEEN WHITNEY CARRER.

I sat in my chair  
On a bright afternoon.  
The bees in the clover  
Were humming a tune:  
The children were seeking  
For eggs in the hay,  
And shouting loud  
In their boisterous play.

The house was quite silent,  
With only myself  
And the old night-gown  
That stood up on the shelf,  
And softly sang slumber  
Its dreamy lullaby.  
When all of a sudden  
I had a great shock.

For what did I see  
But the moon and the broom  
Come out from their corners  
And dance round the room?  
Then the shovel and tongs  
Followed them on the floor—  
Such a frolic, I'm sure,  
Never happened before.

And next the tin dipper  
And long-handled spoon  
Spun lightly away  
To a mystified tune.  
The frying-pan revolved  
Like a sailor's sea,  
And the tall silver candlesticks  
Waltzed with great glee.

The plate-rings rolled rapidly  
About here and there,  
Getting many aly kicks  
From the table and chair.  
The rolling-pin came  
From the cloth upon the peg,  
And danced all about  
On his own wooden leg.

The coffee-pot gallantly  
Bowed to the tiny,  
And soon with the tea  
They went whirling away.  
The oyster-spoon led  
An old-time minuet,  
And the egg-beater made  
A most graceful pirouette.

But all of a sudden,  
Amidst my surprise,  
My spectacles dropped  
With a crash from my eyes.  
Then away to their places,  
And— Well, I declare  
That I had been taking  
A nap in my chair!

(This story began in No. 2.)

## A YEAR

## On a Colorado Sheep Ranch.

BY HERMON W. DE LONG.

## CHAPTER XIII.

"Wake up, Landier! It is half-past four, and breakfast is ready. Tumble into your shooting boots quick as you can, for we want to make the first day on father's new schedule a rouser!"

Greg's ringing voice acted like magic upon me, and I was up in a minute, pulling on my clothes by the light of a tallow candle.

In ten minutes' time three Nimrod's were discussing a good hot breakfast prepared by the deft hands of the sheepskin Tangkoo, and in twenty minutes from the time Gregory called me we were in the saddle, with rides across our backs, revolvers and knives on our hips, and a good lunch in our game-pockets, galloping away through the gleaming, bound for the launds of the lonely elk.

Arriving at the point where Clear Creek crosses through the mountain, we drew rein and slowly picked our way along the boulder-strewn trail through the canyon.

John was on the lead, and as "driest silence" was the command and a word was spoken, no sound breaking the quiet of that beautiful September morning, save the rushing of the waters as they foamed by us.

For two miles we followed the uncertain path, the light growing stronger every moment, until, when John whispered a halt, we could distinguish objects quite distinctly.

We had stopped in a lovely sylvan glade

formed by the widening of the gorge directly at the point where a considerable stream came down another gorge at the left and united with the main creek.

"This is Wallace Creek," said John, "and here we will leave our horses and follow up to, where the greaser says he seen the elk."

Disappointing, we picked out the horses on the little flat by the junction of the creeks, where the grass grew lush and sweet, knowing that we were morally certain of finding the intelligent animals there on our return.

"Now for a tough tramp, boys," said Wallace Creek, "repeated the hunter, as he led the way. 'Some fellows couldn't get through at all, but I happen

scenery, and it was stupendous. As we followed up the gorge, we had gradually left the bed of the stream below us, and were now clinging to the sloping sides five hundred feet above the water."

There was no particular danger, as there was plentifully material to cling to; but I could feel a far-away, helpless sensation come over me every time my eye wandered below, so I gave that up, and kept my gaze fixed on the peaks towering above me on every side.

After a hard scramble of perhaps half an hour's duration, we paused on a little shelf leading down to the next level.

"Now let's get our wind," said John, "and then I'll give you the plan I've got figured out for circumventing the elk."

growing smaller and more stunted until the timber line was reached, when they ceased altogether.

The whole length of the belt was fully a mile, and its width we could not determine from our position. As the wind was steady in one direction, John's plan was to post Gregory and me at favorable points on the leeward side of the belt, about a quarter of a mile apart, while he made a detour, coming up on the opposite or windward side.

He figured that he might possibly stalk them, and get a shot before they got his own positions, and stay there until you beat two shots from my revolver. Then come to me, and be careful to know just what you are shooting at before you pull trigger. I don't want no accidents when I can explain."

Greg winked at me, and said: "No fear, John; we shoot at nothing today but the elk."

Greg and I started at once for our positions, while John took a diagonal direction down the mountain, the better to get around the lower end of the timber belt.

We were all soon out of sight and hearing of one another, and for my part I found it pretty rough traveling across the rocky slope, intersected as it was with gullies and strewn with huge boulders.

But the very difficulties I encountered enabled me to keep out of sight, and when I reached the great rock where I was to take my stand I was very certain



"I CAN UP TO HIM WITH A GOOD WHOP, AND STOOD, PROOD AS A KING, OVER MY FIRST ELK."

to know a path that will take us right up to the top. 'Tain't any too good footing, but I once judged a big horn down it on my back, and if I did that, I reckon we can make it with nothing but our rifles."

"What do you mean by saying nothing but our rifles, John?" said Gregory. "You forget that when we come down this path to-night, we will reach of us probably have an elk to pack, and an elk, you know, weighs a good deal more than a big horn."

"Well, I tell you what it is, Greg. If we are lucky enough to knock over a couple of them big fellers to-day, I want to bet a big skin that you boys can't be hired for love nor money to pack even their tongues. You'll be so dog-tired following old John that you can't wiggle!"

And the old man gave a quiet laugh and trudged on.

The conversation, which had been carried on in whispers, now ceased altogether. In fact, as we followed the narrow trail leading up the sides of the gorge, there was very little chance for talking, all our attention being given to securing a foothold and working our way upward.

Occasionally, when we would pause for breath, I would look about to take in the

So we all sat down, gasping in the rarefied air like fish out of water. When we had thoroughly recovered our breath, Gregory looked at his watch, and gave the time as just twenty minutes after six.

"We are in good season, boys," said the hunter, "but we ain't got no time to lose, so I'll take us to the next level, and I will post you."

Up we scrambled to the point indicated, and found ourselves at the top of the canyon, with a stretch of mountain and forest reaching away and above us; in some places ascending gently, again rising precipitously, always tending upward, however, and ending at last in snow-crowned peaks, thousands of feet in the air.

"Here we are," said John, drawing a long breath, and looking critically about him; "and right here is where Pierre stood when he seen the elk. I talked to him about it, and, as near as I can make out from his outlandish jargon, the band went into that belt of timber and scrub at the foot of yonder ridge; and, as he says they didn't see him, my opinion is that they are there yet."

The timber mentioned was about a half-mile distant, and crowned a ridge extending up the face of the mountain, the trees

Then directed us where to "locate," and instructed us to pay no attention to any deer or "varmint," except panthers, that might come out within shot.

"For you know, boys," said he, "we are after elk, and we can't afford to take no chances on smaller game. And now, crawl to your positions, and stay there until you hear two shots from my revolver. Then come to me, and be careful to know just what you are shooting at before you pull trigger. I don't want no accidents when I can explain."

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But the very difficulties I encountered enabled me to keep out of sight, and when I reached the great rock where I was to take my stand I was very certain





Go into your room for a minute!

## A BIT OF ADVICE.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

If you would be successful  
In whatever you may do,  
Remember this, dreary looks  
Will never help you through;  
But a cheerful, kindly temper  
Will be of much avail.  
For a smiling face will oft succeed  
Where a frowning one will fail.

Mind you that!  
A smiling face will oft succeed  
Where a frowning one will fail.  
If you'd be truly happy,  
However dark the day,  
Remember that a sunny heart  
Will drive dull care away;  
The frost of disappointment  
"I will help you to resist,  
For cheerfulness dispels "the blues"  
As the sun dispels the mist.  
Mind you that!  
Cheerfulness dispels "the blues"  
As the sun dispels the mist.

## JOE.

BY E. L. BROWN.

Twenty years ago I taught a school in the southern part of Nebraska, which was only thinly settled in those days. But the few settlers were hardy men and women, living honest lives, and going on slowly but steadily to prosperity, and I had a pleasant time among them.

My schoolhouse was a very primitive affair, indeed. It was small, unpainted and unplastered, but had a good floor and fairly comfortable seats; and my pupils, of whom there were twenty-two, were mostly hearty, wholesome boys and girls.

One warm day in spring I had opened the windows and doors to let in the genial sunshine, and was busy with my classes, when I walked a strange boy, whom I had never seen in the neighborhood.

He was thickly freckled, had red hair, was poorly dressed, but was very clean. He came directly to my desk.

"May I come to school, teacher?" he asked, looking at me earnestly.

"Where do you live, my boy?" I questioned.

"Just back here by the edge of the woods," he replied.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Joe Morton," said he; adding, "we just moved here."

"Well, Joseph," said I, "you may come to school. Come this afternoon, and bring all your books."

A bright look came into his face as I said this, but he made no reply, and went out as unceremoniously as he came.

He made a queer picture as he went down the aisle. His clothing was patched, his coat was too big for him, and he carried a large, ragged hat in his hand. He held up his head in a self-respecting way, and I felt sure that Joe Morton was good and unafraid, and I resolved to help him all I could.

I was afraid he might not have a very pleasant time with a certain few of the boys; for, although they really were not bad boys at heart, they were much given to making fun of any new-comer, and sometimes made it very unpleasant for a boy who seemed odd or strange to them.

The teacher of this set was a stern, stern, bright boy, but one who had very little kindly feeling for any one in school, excepting his little sister Pearl.

Pearl Atherton was about seven years old, and the most beautiful child I have ever seen. Tom loved her with a love that was almost worship; but to the rest of the pupils he was something of a terror, and a torment, always teasing and naking fun of some one, and sometimes in a most thoughtless, unkind way.

I had many serious talks with him on the subject, but, as soon as he was out of the school-room, he seemed to forget, and went back to his old ways.

As Joe went down the aisle, I glanced at Tom, and saw that his eyes were twinkling mischievously, which I was sure boded no good to Joe, but I thought he would be able to defend himself.

In the afternoon Joe came, and, after I had assigned his lessons, took his seat quietly.

At recess I heard Tom's voice singing out:

"I know a boy whose name is Joe,  
With boots all out at the toes, too, too."

I heard no answer from Joe, and soon Tom said, mockingly:

"What am I offered for the hat? Bid quick! The only one left that came out of the ark! How much am I offered? Who'll make it one dollar? Who'll make it one dollar?"

And so it went on from day to day, Tom saying unkind, jering things as soon as he supposed himself out of my sight, and Joe taking it quietly. Sometimes a quick flash would pass over his face, and his lips would quiver, but no word escaped him.

I thought best to appear not to know what was going on between them, thinking it would soon wear itself out, and perhaps Joe would feel better to think I did not know, but I kept him with me as

middle of the bridge, throw some leaves into the water, and leaned against the railing, watching them as they floated away.

The railing was odd, and in some manner had become so loosened that it gave way with her weight, and, with a piercing cry, she went down and out of sight.

Tom stood upon the bank, white and speechless, with a look of agony I shall never forget. He could not swim, and, as he could never reach her,

But at the first cry Joe had stripped off his coat, and had minute plunged in and swam steadily toward the spot where the little golden head went down.

He grasped her as she arose to the surface the second time, raised her head out

when I saw her go under the water. I can't ever thank you enough."

"I don't want any thanks," said Joe, putting his hand on Tom's shoulder. "It is all right. I was glad to do it. Don't say any more about it, please."

They talked a few minutes longer, but I did not hear what they were saying. Then they remembered that the bell had rung, and they came into the school-house.

From that day Tom was a different boy. He was quiet and kind with the other pupils, and he and Joe were fast friends. He grew earnest and manly from seeing Joe's honest, upright life.

When the term closed, I came to my Eastern home, and after a few years entirely lost track of all my pupils. I did



"JOE RAISED HER HEAD OUT OF THE WATER, AND SLOWLY SWAM WITH HER TO THE BANK."

much as I could, and grew to like him very much.

He made rapid progress in his studies, and his everyday life showed strength of character.

I could always depend on him to let the truth on every occasion, and looking into his earnest face, I would forget the ragged clothes, the fiery red hair, and the ragged hat.

Not far from the school-house was a wide stream of water, which ran dank and turbid in the spring. It was crossed by a foot-bridge with a railing on both sides. Nearly half the children crossed this bridge to get to school.

On pleasant days we often sat on the bank of the stream to eat our dinner, which we brought with us.

One lovely day in early June, we were seated there, after eating our dinner. I was reading a book, and the children were amusing themselves in various ways.

Pearl Atherton strolled alone across the bridge, to look for violets, which sometimes grew on the opposite side.

In coming back, she stopped in the

of the water, and slowly swam with her to the bank.

When I look her from his arms, and laid her upon the grass, the beautiful face was white and still, but she had been in this short time a short time that a vigorous rabbling soon made her open her eyes and speak to us, and she was soon talking in her usual, manly manner.

We wrapped her up as well as we could, and sent her home with a neighbor who was passing in a wagon.

Joe ran home, changed his clothes, and then came back, none the worse for his wetting.

After the bell rang, I missed Joe and Tom from their seats.

The back door was ajar, and I looked out.

There stood Tom, with tears in his eyes, holding both Joe's hands.

"Can you ever forgive a fellow?" he was saying. "I have been too hateful for anything, but I'm awfully sorry. If you'll forgive me, I'll be a better fellow after this. If Pearl had been drowned, I don't know what I should have done. Oh, Joe! I thought I would die

not know whether they had drifted, or what they were doing, though I often wondered."

In the fall of 1885, I took a trip along the Pacific coast, and one Sunday morning, in company with a friend, went to one of the finest churches I had seen—that is, locally.

As the minister began to speak, I thought I saw something familiar in his face and manner, but could not place him. He gave one of the most earnest, eloquent sermons to which I ever listened.

I sat and wondered where I could have seen the man before. Suddenly it came to me—it was the look and manner of my pupil of years ago, Joe Morton.

I waited to speak to him, and was invited to call at his home next day. And there I found him the same Joe I was in, robustly, tenderly caring for his feeble, white-haired mother and invalid father. He has made for himself a name not soon to be forgotten in the State in which he lives; he is a strength and inspiration to his friends; he has written several books that stand high in the literature of



"You're not dead yet," I said, with a laugh. "I will be before morning," says he, glancing like, that made my flesh creep. "I can feel my bones getting cold," he said. "I don't want to die like a dog. Promise me, senator, that you will bury me like a Christian, and I will make you a grandee."

"You may believe that I thought the greaser a clever case of a man," I said, but I promised, and then he said, "I am dead."

"You're a gentleman, senator. To-morrow morning, when you hear that I am dead, you will bury me; and when the soil covers me, open this."

"With that he was gone, leaving in my hand a greasy leather bag about as big as your fist."

"I put it in my pocket, and had pretty nearly forgotten it, when, sure enough, next morning, a little shaver came up to me and tells me that Don Miguel was dead, and would I please come around and take the body."

"He really died?" I exclaimed.

"He really did," he said, "the long and short of it is that I buried him, per contract, and then I opened the bag."

"And found—" I cried.

"Rattle again went through the process of searching the room for listeners, and finally none, and I said, 'I am a whisper, and said:—

"Did you ever hear of the lost nugget?"

#### CHAPTER XL.

THE STORY OF THE LOST NUGGET—"DO YOU WANT TO MAKE YOUR FORTUNE?"

I looked at Rattle in mild surprise, and then asked the most natural question in the world:

"Who lost it?"

"He lost it?"

Rattle received this innocent question with considerable indignation.

"You ain't making fun of me, you are?" he asked.

"No, senator, I am not," I said, "we'll just drop this thing right here."

"I don't know what you mean," he replied, quite puzzled by this time. "You ask me about a lost nugget, and I naturally ask who lost it. What is it?"

"Rattle burst out in a laugh, and said, in a modified tone:

"I do believe you don't know; but it seems queer that you haven't ever heard of it."

"This is getting very mysterious," said I.

"And I am now very determined that you shall tell me all about the nugget, who lost it, and where and when it was lost."

"As to who," said Rattle, "I will tell you his name, and I will tell you his pipe and lighting it, 'nearly every body; and as to where, that's what I'd like to know."

"I am still in the dark," I said.

"For goodness' sake, Rattle, do tell me the story, if there is one to tell."

"Now is a story," said he, decidedly.

"And a mighty strange one, but I don't know how I can tell it straight, but I'll try."

"About five years ago, in '52 or '53, when the big rush had just begun, so to speak, there was six men came from Indiana, and took up a claim on the San Joaquin."

"They was making fair wages, say, eight dollars a day a man, but nothing to brag of, when one of the men, a chap named Tooker—found a nugget. He was out prospecting, and in climbing up a bank, he rolled over a boulder, and there was the nugget. It was pure gold, and weighed about ninety pounds."

"Hold on!" I exclaimed.

"Do you know how much money that means?"

"Twenty thousand dollars!" said Rattle, evidently at a venture.

"More than that. Pure gold is worth twenty dollars an ounce, and there's twenty ounces to a pound; that is two hundred and forty dollars. But I don't see how it can be worth more than so, so we'll say two hundred dollars a pound, and then the nugget is worth eighteen thousand dollars."

"It is that?" said he, in a awestruck voice. "Well, it don't make any difference, because why, this man Tooker played rocks on his partners in this. He dug a hole and buried the nugget, and said nothing."

"About a month afterwards, he dug up the nugget, and in the middle of the night, lit out for 'Frisko on horseback. But his partners was on his heels, and two of them followed him."

"They wanted to rob him, but he wouldn't do it, and while they were hesitating over it, Tooker was attacked by road agents."

"Tooker's partners came to the rescue,

and there was a fight. Tooker and one of the partners killed, and his back before Victoria came in with his usual velocity, and began her discourse in her usual way."

"I say, Jack?"

"Well, you know what brought me here?"

"Of course. You came to see me. You couldn't help coming."

"Come now, no nonsense! Do you want to make my fortune?"

"I should say so!"

"I think I know how you can."

"Yes, I know—here she sank her voice in a whisper: 'I tell you where there's a chunk of gold as big as your head and twice as big together!'"

(No one contradicts.)

"Two years after that, a half-breed Injan, who was dying at Fort Mohave, told a cavalry sergeant what it could be found, and the sergeant and two privates deserted to find it."

"They found it, and the party that was following 'em up soon came on the two privates, but they couldn't tell anything about it. They were killed by the sergeant, had killed them to have the nugget to himself."

"What became of him or the nugget, no one ever found out, but I can give a pretty good guess. He was killed by a party of grangers, and the nugget buried again. As usual, there was a fight, and there was just one survivor—Miguel, the greaser I told you about."

"I am very much interested in the story, and at this point I anticipated him. Miguel gave you a pointer on the nugget."

"You've guessed it," said Rattle.

"That leather bag had a piece of parchment in it, and the words were: 'The nugget is dead road to the lost nugget from this camp.'"

"From this camp?" I cried. "How was that?"

"From a know anything about the why and wherefore, but it's a fact. This very camp was set down as the starting-point of the search for the nugget, and the nugget has been all this time, or who had it, and I will tell you."

"I will tell you. Let me look at the map."

"Haven't got it," said he.

"I should think you would carry it with you all the time," I said, in surprise.

"You ate it," he said.

"So I do," rejoined Rattle, with a laugh, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and put it in his pocket. "The fact is, I ate it."

"You ate it?"

"Yes, sir; chewed it up."

"Why in the world did you do that?"

"Because I don't want to tell you. I don't propose to give away my secret. I might get full, get sick, or be held up by road-agents, and lose the map. I've got it now where no one can steal it."

"Haven't got it," said he.

"He tapped his forehead significantly."

"That was pretty shrewd," I said, at last.

"I don't want you to take the directions."

"Nary forget," he said, confidently.

"I don't see there in the dark. Now the question is—will you go with me, and have the nugget in an hour?"

"I had been expecting this question, but I was not prepared with an answer. I was about to give him an too young man."

"The lost nugget had impressed me very strongly."

"I said, hesitatingly, 'I hate to say it, but—I'm afraid.'"

"Well, yes. According to your story, everybody who has set eyes on the nugget has died."

"That's true," said Rattle, impatiently. "I should say so, but that's not the case. I won't play the traitor, and I won't go to the nugget."

"I should say so, but that's not the case. I won't play the traitor, and I won't go to the nugget."

"I will," said I.

And Rattle walked away.

He had hardly turned his back before Victoria came in with his usual velocity, and began her discourse in her usual way."

"I say, Jack?"

"Well, you know what brought me here?"

"Of course. You came to see me. You couldn't help coming."

"Come now, no nonsense! Do you want to make my fortune?"

"I should say so!"

"I think I know how you can."

"Yes, I know—here she sank her voice in a whisper: 'I tell you where there's a chunk of gold as big as your head and twice as big together!'"

(No one contradicts.)

#### WHAT A DOG DID.

(A True Story.)

BY J. M. MERRILL.

His name was Bingo, and he was big and shaggy, the friend of young and old in the village of Warhawk.

Tom West was Bingo's master, and Tom was the son of a wealthy mill owner, whose great mill gave employment to many people in the Warhawk Valley.

A dam extended across the valley, holding back the waters of Sand Creek, the weight of which, properly confined and utilized, turned the great water-wheel that stirred hundreds of minor wheels buzzing.

Tom West was seventeen at the time of our story, and Bingo had been his companion for many years—almost the limit of a dog's lifetime.

"Bingo's old and useless now—not worth his feed," said Pete Brown, the mill foreman, one day to Tom. "Why don't you shoot him, and get you a younger dog?"

"Surely you don't mean that, Mr. Brown," cried Tom, regarding his father's foreman in evident surprise.

"Of course I do! Why not? Bingo's old and useless. I've noticed lately that he is inclined to be cross."

"Poor old Bingo!" and Tom bent and patted the head of his shaggy favorite. "Old and useless! Well, it may be so. Mr. Brown, but I would as soon think of committing any other wickedness as killing Bingo. When I was a child of six, my father brought a little puppy to our house, and said he was to be mine. I was ill then, but the sight of the pretty dog brought joy to my heart, and acted better medicine. Bingo has been my friend and companion nearly a dozen years."

"And that is why you hate to part with him?"

"I suppose so."

Pete Brown was not the only person who advised Tom to part with his dog. Even Mrs. West had called the old dog troublesome, and she thought it was time to send him to the pound for pets.

"Lazy, and brings mud in on the carpet. He has no use to say to that, fellow?"

Bingo looked up into his young master's face, wagged his shaggy tail, and gave vent to a low whine.

"I should say so," said Tom, who knew what mother says, and it makes you feel bad. Well, well! I suppose dogs are a nuisance, especially old dogs," uttered Tom, springing up and walking into the open air, and leaving his shaggy friend behind.

"You shall die of old age if I am to decide your case," assured Tom, turning and gazing his dumb friend.

In times of a fresher there was a tremendous storm came up and swept the upper end of Warhawk Valley. One day when the storm reached the village about the West mill, and so, the mill was in danger of being destroyed, the inhabitants of the village and lower valley retired for the night.

The most you can say is that a sign of danger was manifest when Tom

sought his couch. Far up the valley, however, an ominous roar woke the echoes of the silent woods.

"Sand Creek was on a tear." The mad water overflowed the banks, and poured upon the high bluffs beyond. Such a volume of water had never before flowed in the valley in years, not since the dam and mill had been constructed at Warhawk Valley.

During all this time the villagers were wrapped in the silence of peaceful slumber.

"Hark! What sound is that?"

It was the surge and roar of the muddy waters as they enter the pond above the dam.

Hopefully slept the boy, Tom West.

Why should he be asleep? He had no reason.

He dreamed of Bingo, however, and of a cruel creature that had gone forth, dooming the faithful old dog to death.

It was a time when the water was in the dam, tended to make the boy's slumber somewhat restless.

It was a time when Tom turned over in bed with a sigh. Soon a sound filled his ears, half waking him.

It was the bark of a dog, hoarse and faint, then nearer and louder.

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## IN A GARDEN.

BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

Baby, see the flowers!  
—Baby sees  
Fairer things than these,  
Fairer though they be than dreams of ours.

Baby, hear the birds!  
—Baby knows  
Better songs than those,  
Sweeter though they sound than any words.

Baby, see the moon!  
—Baby's eyes  
Launch to watch it rise,  
Answering light with love and night with noise.

Baby, hear the sea!  
—Baby's face  
Takes a graver grace,  
Touched with wonder what the sound may be.

Baby, see the star!  
—Baby's hand  
Opens, warm and bland,  
Calm in claim of all things fair that are.

Baby, hear the bells!  
—Baby's head  
Bows, as, ripe for bed,  
Now the flowers curl round and close their cells.

Baby, flower of Light,  
Sleep and see  
Brighter dreams than we,  
Till good day shall swoot away good night.

## "OH, DEAR!"

BY FRED CAROLTS.

"Oh, dear!"  
Something was evidently the matter with Bob. "Oh, dear!" was not a favorite expression of his, and nothing but a sorrow of some consequence could have caused him to use it; and in such a whining tone of voice, and with such a cross, "puckered up" face! How homely good-looking boy can make himself at times!

"Oh, dear!" he sighed again. "I don't see why I can't go; it wouldn't hurt me, I'm sure. I think it's awful rough on a fellow to be kept in the house like a baby, when he's only got a mean, sneaky little cough that doesn't hurt any one! Can't I, please, go, mamma?"

"I have told you that you cannot go, and I don't wish to tell you so again," said mamma. "I am astonished at such a big boy as you acting so childishly."

"Oh, dear!"  
There it was again. Positively I never knew before what a disagreeable voice Bob had.

He was just recovering from a severe attack of that familiar but extremely unpleasant malady known as "whooping-cough," and mamma had decided that he was not yet well enough to go out with the boys.

There is no doubt but that it was rather hard on Bob to be kept in on a day when something very important was going on outside, and when he didn't feel particularly sick, either.  
Perhaps under ordinary circumstances he would not have minded staying home so much, for he had several new books to read, his uncle had just brought him a toy steam-engine, and, above all, he had a mother who could tell the jolliest stories you ever heard; but, unfortunately for Bob's peace of mind, that Saturday afternoon had been set apart by the boys in school for a grand "shinner" match, and as Bob was one of the best players, his presence was really necessary for the success of the club he belonged to.

So he felt as though it was compromising his honor to stay at home, and had used his powers of persuasion to their utmost capacity in trying to win his mother's consent to take part in the game.

It was of no use, however, and consequently Saturday afternoon found him in the very worst kind of humor with himself and everybody else.

He took up a book and tried to read, but the story that had always fascinated him was dull and tiresome, and he threw down the book in disgust before he had finished a page.

Then he got out his engine, if the little spirit-lamp and started the wheels; but though the steam puffed noisily, and the wheels spun around as though they were doing their level best to amuse him, he left it standing, and walked listlessly into the other room.

Finally, he threw himself on the sofa, and settled down for a good sleep. What a fine time the fellows must be having! He fancied he could hear them shouting; he could see them rushing around, knocking the "shinner-block" from one goal to another, and—

"Oh, dear!"  
"Well, what do you want of me?" said a little, whimpering, squeaky voice, quite like Bob's when he said "Oh, dear!"—

"Well, what do you want of me? You've

you? Smart away, Bobby! I'm enjoying it. Say, don't you wish you were out in Smith's meadow, playing shinner? I'll bet they're having a fine time without you. Ha! ha! he!"

And he laughed mockingly and pinched Bob's leg.

This enraged Bob beyond all measure, and he lunged the sofa with his tormentor with force enough to have quite stunned such a small person had he not sprung nimbly aside.

"Ha! he! he! You will, will you? Two can play at that game!"

And so saying, he began to hop around Bob and pinch him most unmercifully.

Bob tried to kick him, but it was of no

"Well, I'll tell you why, you little stupid!" replied the mannikin, very crossly. "In the first place, he never calls me, and, in the second place, if I did go there, he'd laugh in my face!"

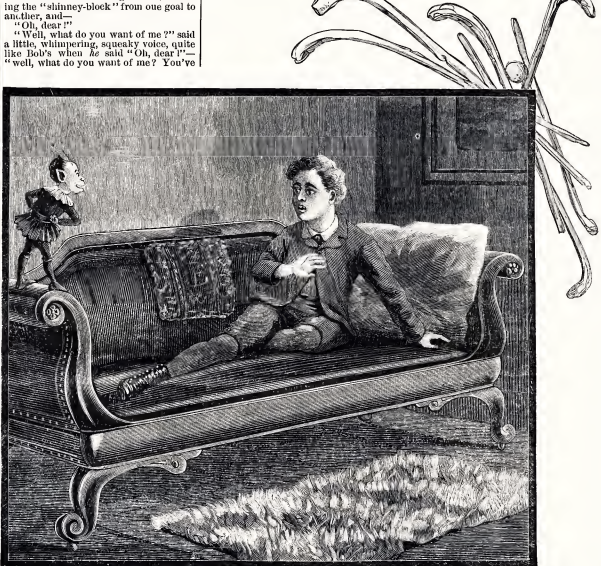
The thought of Bob's laughing at the malcontent little elf made Bob smile in spite of himself.

"Now look here! You quit smiling, will you? It hurts me!" objected the bug.

"The idea of smiling hurting any one—ha! ha! ha! What a ridiculous little goblin you are—ha! ha! ha!"

And Bob laughed and laughed.

Then the green eyes stood for a moment looking fiercely at Bob, and was



"WHO-ARE-YOU?" ASKED BOB, AS SOON AS THE FIRST OF HIS GIVES WITH CAME BACK AGAIN.

been calling me all day, and now that I've told you all these starting at me, and haven't a word to say for yourself. A nice boy you are, indeed!"

Bob was startled out of his seven senses.  
"You'd be, too, I guess, if you saw the queer little figure that was perched up on the foot of the sofa, and leered at Bob with the ugliest little frowning eyes he had ever beheld."

It was a little mannikin, only about a foot high, dressed in an ill-fitting suit of green, just the shade of those horrid eyes, which, as Bob now noticed, were really green.  
"Who-are-you?" asked Bob, as soon as the first of his seven wits came back again.

"Oh, dear!" said the ugly little chap, mimicking Bob's voice so exactly that he forgot his fear, and said, very angrily: "You're not very polite!"

"I know it," chuckled the mannikin; "neither are you."  
"Well, if you won't tell me who you are, I wish you'd go away and leave me alone! And say, stop blinking those mean, catlike eyes of yours at a fellow, will you?"

"He! he!" laughed he back to Bob, eyes. "You want me to get out, do

use, and at last he lay back exhausted, while the malicious visitor sat on one of his feet and grinned spitefully at him.

"Do you want to try that over again?" squeaked the mannikin.

"No!" said Bob, sulkily.

"And enough, oh?"

"Yes. Do go away, will you?"

"Oh, come now; let's be friends. I'm awfully sorry for you. You chap! Get up because your mother won't let you!"

This quite overcame the green-eyed imp, and he fairly screamed with malicious laughter.

"Do go away, and bother some other fellow who can't go out, won't you?" implored Bob.

"Can't do it. Job Rushton's the only other sick chap in the village, and there's no use going there."

Job, let me say here, was a schoolmate of Bob's, a big, merry-hearted boy, good-natured all the time; a peace-maker in all quarrels, and, in fact, as jolly a lad as the sun ever shined upon. He was suffering with diphtheria, and was consequently in the same situation as Bob with regard to the shinner-match.

"I don't see why you can't go to Job, and pester him, just as well as you can come here!" said Bob, rather peevishly.

Just going to make some remark, when Bob told him that he was out of one of his feet and grinned spitefully at him.

"This was too much for the baffled mannikin. With a scream of rage he disappeared, and Bob laughed louder than ever."

"Why, Bobby, what in the world is the matter with you? What are you laughing at?" said his mother's voice.

And Bob woke up to find himself rolling about on the floor.

"Oh, mother, I had the funniest dream—ha! ha! ha!"

And it was very evident that Bob's and mamma's had vanished with the green-eyed mannikin.

Bob told his mother the dream, and they both had another laugh over it. The shinner-match was postponed until Bob and Job were better, and then they did have a grand time.

Bob has never since received a visit from the little imp in green, and hopes he'll never see him again.

He has, however, been to see many other children meanwhile—yes, and many grown-up children, too—and some little people I know of see him almost every day.

Have you guessed his name? If you haven't, I'll tell you. It's "OH, DEAR!" Look out for him.

## IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

(This story began in No. 2.)

### A Tale of Dangerous Adventure.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER,  
AUTHOR OF "ARTHUR SUMMERS," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

MR. ARTHUR TOOK TO GO.

The three wayward fugitives were soon made comfortable in the cabin, and then Mr. Arthur related the particulars of their escape.

"I was fairly carried along," he said, "by the rush of our men to the rear. The Spaniards followed very closely, and it was plain that there would be no rallying of the Cuban force. I looked every moment for you, Ralph, but could find nothing of you, and at last one of our men told me that he had seen the young *Ameroso* fall, and that he would be killed. You may judge how I felt; but it was left for me only to do what I could toward protecting my family.

"I found Cisneros' cottage deserted, and as I came out of it, the Spaniards were so close upon me that I was nearly escaped them. They fired at me as I took to the bushes, but they did not hit me.

"Soon afterward, upon mounting a high rock, I got sight of two fleeing forms at a distance, and one of them I recognized to be Mrs. Arthur and California. At that time the Spanish soldiers were very near, and we found it difficult to avoid them. Cisneros and his wife had come to some other place, and they hid their house during the fight, in order to see how the battle was going, and what became of them, and that was all.

"We fell in with squads of Cubans trying to make their escape, and heard occasional firing as the Spaniards were chasing some of the fugitives. Of course it was impossible to remain where we were, and we decided that we must cut our way out toward the easiest paths. But all paths were hard enough.

"We passed that night in the woods, and the next morning wandered on again, was quite fortunate in one respect, for I had ammunition and a card or two of matches, so that I was able to kill and wait a number of birds and rabbits, and were in no danger of starvation, but I soon found myself completely lost, and you may imagine the great anxiety and responsibility I felt.

"In the hurricane we were sheltered under a shelving rock that entirely protected us. After this was over we had a sad time in trying to make our way, and sometimes I think we must have traveled in circles.

"This afternoon, as we were crossing an open place of ground, a black man suddenly started out of a thicket close at hand, and came toward us. It seemed to me that I had seen him somewhere, but I could not remember where.

"He began to talk in very broken Spanish, trying to tell me that I was lost, and pronouncing the name of 'Ralph.' This surprised us very much.

"I took all possible pains to learn what he had to tell, and finally made out that he had seen a boy named Ralph, who was with his father on board a ship that had suffered from the hurricane, and had anchored on the coast.

"He putted very earnestly in this direction, and when we started off, as I assure you we did with some haste, he lay, he strode on ahead to guide us.

"When we had halted the vessel, and he saw that we were to return, he disappeared very much delighted, and has come off with us, and I am sure that, by Mrs. Weston's persuasion, I hope he will remain on board."

"Yes," said Ralph, "he is Junio, the runaway slave that you were talking with Mr. Osborne about. He saved me, when I was almost worn out by my fight, but he seemed to have no fear of his old master, and it is possible that he may understand how I am lost."

"I tried to tell him," said Ralph, "all about you, and I suppose he understood enough of what I said to know that we were both in danger and that I wanted to find you."

"He is the man you saved from the

wild boy," said Mr. Arthur. "There are few men, black or white, who would show such a noble sense of gratitude. I wish I could reward him, but he is gone, for it is some where in the woods, and we may get bothered about finding it in the dark. I'll place where he is, and I'll put him in the trees all up in knots. Mr. Arthur and Ralph are going with me, and I want old Jack, too."

"Oh, Ralph!" exclaimed Camilla, "only to think of it! Papa says this place where he is, and I'll put him in the trees all up in knots. Mr. Arthur and Ralph are going with me, and I want old Jack, too."

"Yes," said Mr. Arthur, "this inlet is included in the new plantation, which reaches for several miles along the coast. But no, however, it has been a very unfortunate possession, and I wish I had never seen it. Now I don't know but only that, but my other plantation besides."

"And so," said Mr. Arthur, "said Ralph, enthusiastically, "I don't know but only that, but my other plantation besides."

"Indeed?" replied the planter, "I suppose there is a great deal about it that I don't know. At least, I have had good reason for thinking so of late."

"But I have discovered something that makes me hope you may get more from it than you have ever done yet."

"Indeed?" replied the planter, "I am almost sure it will," replied Ralph. "He was alone with the Arthurs and the captain, for the latter lay under an awning upon deck, with his wife sitting by his side, and he was engaged upon the taffrail, smoking his cigar."

Mr. Arthur looked a little surprised at Mr. Arthur's story, so, too, did Camilla and her mother.

"Why, Ralph," said Captain Weston, "you are joking, I suppose."

"I mean a good deal," replied Ralph, "at least, these things mean a good deal to me."

And he drew from his pocket the pieces of silver he had found.

"The dollar showed for itself what it was, and a few scratches of a knife-blade on the back of the dollar showed for itself what it was."

"And you have found these, Ralph?" said the captain, "exclaimed the planter, in great amazement."

"I am almost sure there is," said Ralph. "You remember that I told you once what one of our sailors said about some buried treasure. He said it was somewhere near this place, and since we have been here he has told the same story. But he don't know the exact spot, and I hit upon those bits of silver by accident."

"I remember that you told me of it that day among the mountains," cried Camilla.

"This thing must be attended to forthwith," declared Captain Weston. "I had no doubt that you had found it, and old sailor's yarn. I beg pardon, Mr. Arthur, but you have found it, and you only have the right to say what shall be done about it."

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"I remember that you told me of it that day among the mountains," cried Camilla.

Still, the mountains were not large, and once more they applied themselves to the work, with the perspiration pouring over their foreheads.

What now were scratches or bruises? and what was any obstacle of rock or tree?

More jingling—more rattling down of metal! but yet in no great quantity. It seemed to look as if the fire was nearly or quite exhausted.

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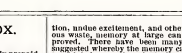
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their meek of rarity.—J. H. S. If exchange conform with the rules governing the department to them, they are always inserted.

Several communications have been received which will be answered next week.



OUT OF THE MANY EARNST AND EMPHATIC ENDORSEMENTS OF "GOLDEN DAYS," WE PRINT THE FOLLOWING:

**A GOOD OPINION FROM REV. G. E. STORBRIDGE,**  
*Pastor St. John's M. E. Church, New York city.*

GOLDEN DAYS has been coming regularly to my house since its first number. It is always welcome. The children wait with impatience its weekly arrival, and even interrupt their meals to tear off its wrapper and scan its attractive pages. It is generously illustrated, and as to its reading matter, it is bright, breezy, instructive, and, best of all, pure. The most careful parent may dismise anxiety while his happy child is absorbed in its contents.

A feature that adds to the paper an especial value is a weekly discussion of the International Sunday-school Lesson. This is given in a pleasant narrative style by Rev. D. F. Kidder, D. D., for many years editor of the Sunday School Advocate, and editor and writer of books for children. His widely-known name is a sufficient assurance that these lessons thus conducted will continue to be learned, clear and interesting.

**From the West Philadelphia Press.**

GOLDEN DAYS.—This weekly journal for young people has reached a circulation that embraces the entire country. Indeed, there is hardly to be found a village or hamlet in the newest of the States or in our far Western Territories in which GOLDEN DAYS is not a welcome visitor. The proprietor and editor, Mr. James Elverson, determined from the first to make it a journal that should please and at the same time instruct the young, and he has been completely successful. There is no weekly paper published in this or the Old World that so covers the field for the youthful mind as GOLDEN DAYS. There is nothing heavy about it—nothing prosy or difficult to comprehend in the matter it contains. Its stories are graphic, entertaining and by the best writers, while each number has articles especially prepared on subjects of practical interest to boys and girls by authors whose fame in the arena of natural history, science, biography and art is national. Add to all these excellencies the attractions the fact that no impure line or thought ever stains its pages, and it must be acknowledged that GOLDEN DAYS is pre-eminently fitted to become the intellectual and pleasant companion of the young in the American household.

**From the Sunday Courier, York, Pa.**

The remarkable success attained by GOLDEN DAYS, the boys' and girls' periodical published by Mr. James Elverson, Philadelphia, is a most encouraging evidence that pure and healthful literature is not incapable of attracting the eager interest of "Young America." Mr. Elverson seems, in fact, to have gauged the taste of the average child of our day with wonderful accuracy, as there appears to be but one opinion as to the universal popularity of this excellent periodical. So far as parents are concerned, its success should be a matter for general congratulation, as scrupulous care is evidently observed in excluding from its pages everything that could be considered as in any way tending to vitiate the minds of the young. On the other hand, its contents are far superior in vividness of interest for the little ones to those sensational publications which are the source of so much anxiety to all who have children to educate. GOLDEN DAYS, in fact, appears to have struck the golden mean in juvenile literature, and it affords us sincere pleasure to be able to chronicle its conspicuous popularity.

**From the Advocate of Peace, Boston.**

GOLDEN DAYS.—"To merit is to insure success" is a kindly verdict in the publication of GOLDEN DAYS, by James Elverson, Philadelphia. This admirable weekly for the youth of this great land is now well-established, and has an increasingly large and well-deserved patronage. Its readers are not treated with trashy matter, but with pictures and puzzles and stories of thrilling adventure and useful knowledge. GOLDEN DAYS is supplementing a poisonous literature, and performing a wholesome mission in this day, when too much good seed cannot be sown by the friends of bipinnity.

**From the Congregationalist and Boston Recorder.**

Among juvenile periodicals, we think GOLDEN DAYS likely to take high rank for variety, instructiveness, vivacity and freedom from objectionable characteristics. We have examined several numbers, and it seems to be well edited and likely to deserve and win popularity.

**ANOTHER FROM REV. D. MCARTNEY,**

*Pastor Clinton Avenue M. E. Church, Kingston, N. Y.*  
 I have examined sample copies of GOLDEN DAYS, and most heartily indorse it as meeting a felt want. Notwithstanding the large number of papers we subscribe for now, it looks as if GOLDEN DAYS would have to be added to the number, as my children are enraptured with it.

**BISHOP BOWMAN,**

*Of the Methodist Episcopal Church, writes:*  
 St. Louis, Nov. 28, 1880.

I have examined with great interest several numbers of GOLDEN DAYS, and am much pleased with them. We greatly need all such publications for our young people, to save them from the corrupting trash that meets them on every side. I wish you great success in this worthy Christian enterprise.

**FROM REV. O. C. DICKERSON,**

*Pastor of Congregational Church, Belleplain, Iowa.*  
 ED. GOLDEN DAYS.—All hail! As a sterling friend of the young, your enterprise wakes loud echoes.

**REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D. D.,**

*Pastor of the P. E. Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, says:*

From what I have seen of GOLDEN DAYS, it strikes me very favorably. There is a high tone of morality about it which is calculated to exert a very wholesome influence on the young people who read it.

**From the Roman Citizen, Rome, N. Y.**

A MODEL PAPER.—Two years ago, we informed the readers of the Citizen that a long-felt want was to be supplied—viz, a paper was to be printed which would give the young people (boys and girls) plenty of good reading without corrupting their morals or vitiating their tastes—in other words, would furnish them with stories which would gratify their love of adventure without inspiring in them a desire to imitate impossible heroes, and tempting them to desert their homes in search of adventures which never occur outside of blood-and-thunder papers and story books. The paper we allude to—GOLDEN DAYS—promised this, and we have carefully watched it for two years to see how its pledge would be redeemed. We are glad to be able to state it has exceeded our most sanguine expectations. While it has been constantly filled with stories and sketches of the most fascinating character, we have never seen a sentence in it which we could have wished to have omitted.

**From the Episcopal Recorder.**

GOLDEN DAYS.—We commend this as the best of the class of publications to which it belongs, and as being especially adapted to all that children can desire with it. And it is all sharp to be like Moses' rod when turned into a serpent, and swallow up the serpent-rods of all cunning magicians of evil, and then becomes a rod of power for working good in the home, in the school, and wherever youth are found, we shall rejoice.

**From the Christian Register, Boston.**

GOLDEN DAYS is well worthy the examination of parents who wish to provide their children with a large amount of carefully-prepared miscellany, at once entertaining, instructive and clean. It is edited with ability, and shows a quick sympathy with the pleasures of the young people, and a clear outlook for their welfare.

**From the Maryland School Journal.**

GOLDEN DAYS (Elverson, Philadelphia) has fulfilled its promise, and is in every respect a suitable weekly paper to put into the hands of young boys and girls. We have carefully watched each number since the start, and have seen in it nothing to censure and much to praise.

**From the Floyd Co. Advocate, Charles City, Iowa.**

GOLDEN DAYS, edited by James Elverson, of Philadelphia, is a new first-class paper for boys and girls. Provide them with good, entertaining reading, and they will grow up good men and women.

**From Town Talk, Mansfield, Ohio.**

James Elverson, Philadelphia, publishes a handsome illustrated and interesting youth's paper called GOLDEN DAYS. It should find a welcome in every home for the young folks, for the reading is wholesome, and such literature should be encouraged by prompt subscriptions. If the youngsters catch a glimpse of it they will find they need it as a recreation after study hours.

**From The Home and Sunday-School, Dallas, Texas.**

We can heartily recommend GOLDEN DAYS as one of the purest and most charming juvenile magazines we have seen. It is wholly free from corrupting influences—fresh, instructive, and eagerly welcomed by the boys and girls. Having seen nothing in it to censure and much to praise, we hope it may have the wide circulation it merits.

**From the Christian Advocate, Pittsburg, Pa.**

GOLDEN DAYS comes to us in a magazine form, making a beautiful and interesting volume. This journal numbers among its contributors probably more popular writers of serial stories for youth than any juvenile publication in the country.

**From the Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburg, Pa.**

A great advance has been made within the last twelve months in a very important agency for good—the publication of cheap, and, at the same time, unexpedient and attractive reading matter. For a long time it has been seriously felt for something more than mere denunciations to overcome the growing evil of the demoralizing literature—cheap and vile—that has been scattered broadcast over the land. That want has been measurably supplied, in part, by the publication of standard English classics, at marvelously low prices, and in part by the issue of low-priced but superior periodicals, attractive in appearance and contents, and suitable for both young and old. We invite special attention to the latest enterprise in the latter department—GOLDEN DAYS for boys and girls, James Elverson, publisher, Philadelphia. It is a handsome juvenile journal, of sixteen pages (over eight hundred a year), filled with stories, sketches, anecdotes, poetry, puzzles, and humorous items, making up a total of real delight and at the same time instruct the boys and girls from eight to eighty. The pictorial embellishments are unusually fine, and far in advance of the coarse decorations in the flashy stories that are displayed on the newsstands to horrify every refined passer-by.

**From the Baltimore Gazette.**

The remarkable success attained by GOLDEN DAYS, the boys' and girls' periodical, published by Mr. James Elverson, Philadelphia, is a most encouraging evidence that pure and healthful literature is not incapable of attracting the eager interest of "Young America." Mr. Elverson, seems, in fact, to have gauged the taste of the average child of our day with wonderful accuracy, as there appears to be but one opinion as to the universal popularity of this excellent periodical. So far as parents are concerned, its success should be a matter for general congratulation, as scrupulous care is evidently observed in excluding from its pages everything that could be considered as in any way tending to vitiate the minds of the young. On the other hand, its contents are far superior in vividness of interest for the little ones to those sensational publications which are the source of so much anxiety to all who have children to educate. GOLDEN DAYS, in fact, appears to have struck the golden mean in juvenile literature, and it affords us sincere pleasure to be able to chronicle its conspicuous popularity.

**From the Methodist, New York.**

James Elverson, Philadelphia, publishes a handsome, illustrated and interesting youth's paper, called GOLDEN DAYS. It should find a welcome in every Christian home for the young folks, for the reading is wholesome, and such literature should be encouraged by prompt subscriptions. If the youngsters catch a glimpse of it, they will find they need it as a recreation after study hours.

**From the Baptist Recorder, Jackson, Miss.**

A specimen number of GOLDEN DAYS has fallen into our hands. This is a paper for boys and girls, and, from the cursory examination we have been enabled to give it, we think it deserving of support.

# TEAM DRR



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